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# The Searchers: Special Edition



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## Chapter 1 by Alex Hors

The Searchers:  
The Story of Cedar's Past  
(Special Edition)

Dedicated to all my great friends and  
People that I hold dear,  
Thanks, guys.

A young squirrel walked along a path to his mother's den, with dread tearing at his belly. He

had been told he had to go home, but he didn't want to go home.

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Come in! I have something that was almost too sweet. The young squirrel turned around and ran back inside the hole.

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"Hello, mother." He said nervously to an older squirrel that had her back to him, and looked like as if she was preparing food.

"Hello, Cedar, howw are you, I'm just getting food ready, Don't look! It's supposed to look pretty." She said in that too-sweet voice. Cedar sighed.

"Are you really welcoming me? Is this real?" He asked her. She just smiled in return. Cedar sat down next to the wall. "Do you love me?" He asked her. She stopped with going through the different nuts and glanced at him.

"Yes." She said, not looking at him. She set the food down in front of him. It was some dried cranberries along with some walnuts and cashews. It looked delicately made and like as if it was made with love. But something felt odd. When he nibble some of the cranberries, he felt a little sleepy, but he kept on eating.

"You know, for a while, you acted like you hated me. You seemed to hate my very existence..." Cedar said. The older squirrel tensed, but he didn't notice.

"But i kept on believing in you. I kept on loving you, hoping that you loved me back, hoping with all my might. I dreaded the moments when i was with you because I thought that if i did something wrong you would break my dreams of us living together as a family to pieces. I i knew i couldn't bear that because it was what kept me going. I just wanted you to love me back..."

Cedar began to fall unconscious, and his face flopped into his bowl of food.

"If only you knew that I would break your dreams, little squirrel. But i do love you. You wouldn't understand if i did tell you. Good night, Cedar..." She murmured quietly, and picked him up. He muttered a name out loud as she carried him across the room" She looked around and walked into another hole leading away from the room where Cedar's unfinished dinner lie.

Cedar awoke and found himself in a laboratory. He tried to move his hand, but it wis tied down with a strap. Cedar looked around, it was total darkness but he could tell that he was lying on a hard metal surface and that he was cold, very tired, and had a very bad feeling. He uttered his mother's name out loud, hoping for a response.

"Aker?"

no reply.

"Aker are you there? What is going on? Did you do this? What will happen to me?" He

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where his mother would be standing, behind the fake wall. It was a window, she could be him, but he couldn't see her.

"Aker, why? How could you?" he whispered. Wires, gears, and gadgets were all over the room, and then he saw it. It was a robot with half of its face covered in fake fur and it looked like him, but its dead eyes were dark, one eye red, and robotic, while the other eye had been disguised as his own. He lay his head down and began to silently cry.

"What kind of monster are you, Aker?" He whispered to himself as his tears dripped onto the cold metal of the operation table, gears and saws and all the sharp objects above him. He looked up, closing his eyes. He heard gears whirring and then the pain and his shrieks.

He felt dimly aware of something moving around him, but didn't want to open his eyes because he was afraid of what he might see. "Why does she try with everything in her power to destroy my every hope and dream?" He tried to move his head, but his body wouldn't move. He began to feel worry, then he felt a breath on his cheek. It was Aker.

"Congrats. You survived being made into a robot. Now that you have all your fur on and such, you can live the life of a normal person, but better. You can make your dreams come true." She said, smiling slightly. Aker flipped a switch on his side, somewhere buried in his fur and Cedar suddenly was able to move his limbs again. He lifted his head and stared at her face, eye to eye, he didn't cry, he couldn't, he didn't shake with fear because his dreams had been destroyed. He felt only two emotions: a deep, dark sadness, and betrayal. He took a breath and spoke his first word as a robot:

"Why?"

The End

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